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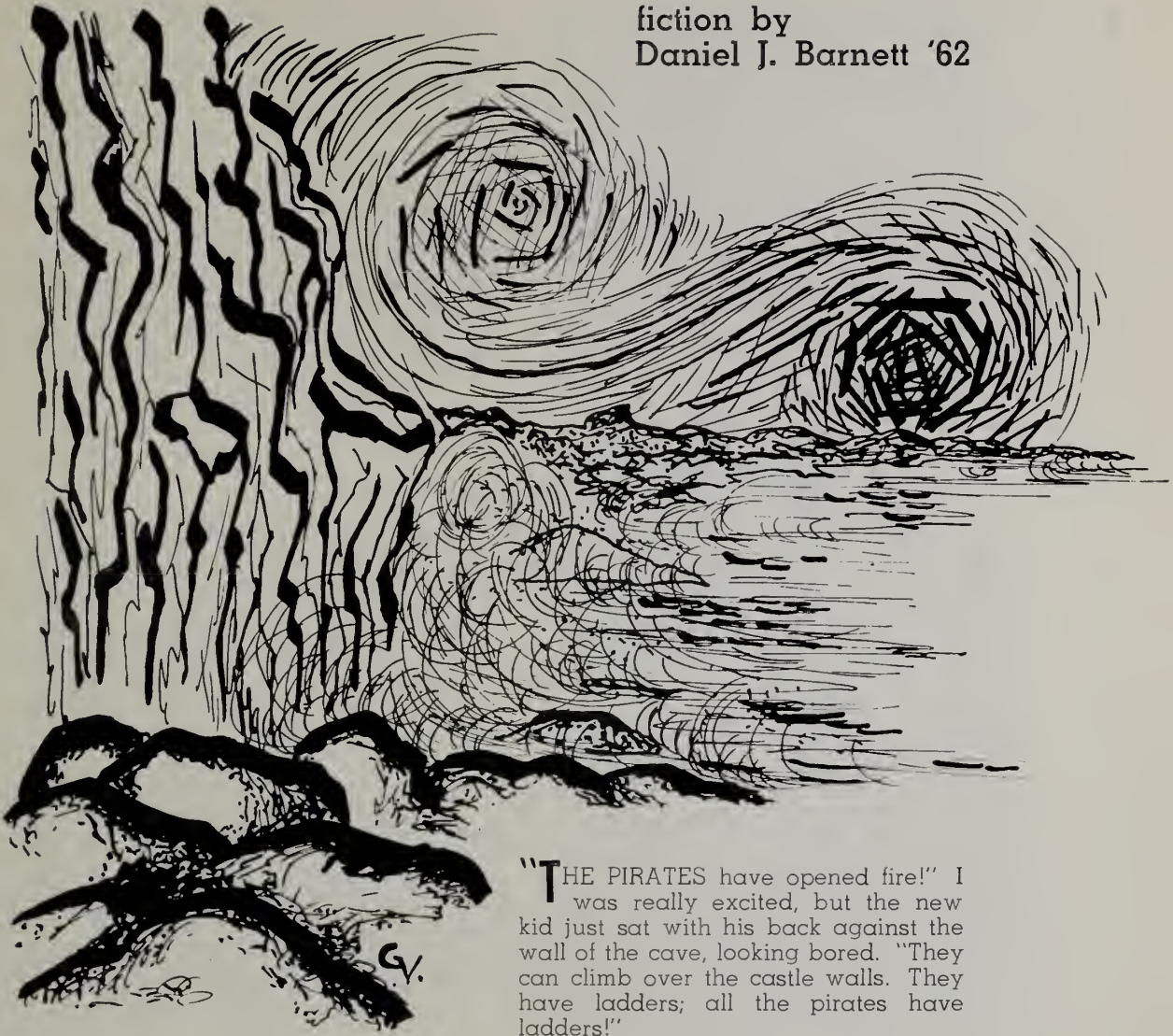
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fiction by  
Daniel J. Barnett '62



## THE BOY IN THE CAVE

"THE PIRATES have opened fire!" I was really excited, but the new kid just sat with his back against the wall of the cave, looking bored. "They can climb over the castle walls. They have ladders; all the pirates have ladders!"

"Pirates never have ladders. They don't have room for them on their ships. You're crazy. My father says that people who don't know what they are talking about are crazy."

I'm sure he knew it was just a game, but there wasn't anything I could say because I felt very foolish. I had been ten years old for three days; and I was very impressed that I now wrote my age with two numbers instead of one, and had even gotten my older brother to admit he only used two numbers to write his age and that people couldn't use three numbers until they were a hundred years old. Now my pride had been injured by someone I had known for scarcely an hour.

"Don't you ever play any games?" He had to know that I was not hurt.

"Games are for kids," he said matter of factly.

"O.K., what are you supposed to be?"

He didn't answer, but walked toward the mouth of the cave and looked down the precipice at the green water swirling below among the rocks, charged with the energy of the tide.

"Well, what **do** you think you are?" I pressed the point because I wanted to hurt him in return.

"Shut up. You're a stupid fool," he said. "My father says that people like you are stupid."

"O.K., I'm stupid." That was all I could think of, and I said it very passively because I did not want to lose him just yet. Even later on when my mother said I shouldn't have been angry about it and should have pitied him instead, I thought of all the things I could have said.

For a long time he didn't say anything, but looked over the choppy water at a sailboat that was heeling off toward the horizon. Although a great deal has happened to me since then, I can still recall the dullness of his eyes, the stiff pride of his little poise. Now he was scornful, now assertive, occasionally puzzled.

"How come this is the first time I've seen you around?" I asked.

"I'm visiting my aunt." His eyes narrowed as he turned to look at me. "My father's gone away . . . on a business trip."

I was impressed that his father was on a business trip because it was something my father never did.

"Are you rich?" I asked.

"My father is, but my aunt's poor."

"What about your mother . . . she rich too?"

He scowled. "Well, of course, stupid, if my father's rich, my mother has to be rich, too."

He looked at the sailboat which had been moving briskly in the sharp wind. "My father gives me anything I want."

"Anything?"

"If I wanted that sailboat, he'd give it to me."

Now I was getting bored. "Let's go out and climb on the rocks, if you don't want to play pirates."

"No, I want to stay in the cave."

"Well, then, I'll go out and climb by myself."

"Good deal for you," he said, without turning to me.

It was the first time I had climbed over the familiar warm rocks as a ten-year old, and I had just been accused of being a fool. When I got stuck on a narrow ledge, it wasn't the first time, but somehow, with him looking down, I was more frightened than ever before. At other times, I would always say to myself that if I fell I would die, and being dead doesn't hurt so that it doesn't matter. Then I would close my eyes and wriggle down. But this time was different. I hung on tight, unable to move, all fingers and belly, until my brother came out of the house with a rope, which he tied to a rusty ring bolt that was screwed into the rock and lowered it so that I could slide down to where I could climb the rest of the way.

After that I forgot about Andrew and went to have supper. My brother promised not to tell our mother what had happened.

Andrew was still in the cave when I returned there after supper. Since I didn't expect to find him there, I was a little bit startled, because you can't see into the cave until you are almost inside of it yourself. He hadn't even eaten supper.

"Doesn't your aunt want you home for supper?" I asked a little enviously.

"No."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to get you something from my house?"

"Can you sneak it out?"

"I never have to sneak anything."

"Never mind. I'm not hungry anyway."

"I'm going over to the sand beach to build a dam," I said, convinced that I would have to play by myself.

"I'll play pirate with you if you play my way," he said with sudden interest.

"Well, so long as I don't have to be a hostage."

"No, I'll be the hostage. But I have a better idea. I must be the wounded pirate captain and you must be my first mate. The British are after me and they know what I look like, so I have to hide in this cave. You have to get the supplies."



"Don't they know what I look like?"

"No. You were below decks when they boarded the ship and wounded me. We both escaped, but they didn't see you."

"Aye, aye, captain," I said and left the cave.

After five minutes of scouting around rocks for British, and killing them off, I came back with a small, plastic freezer bag, with sand, stones and a few candy wrappers for supplies, all of it stolen from the British ship that was anchored in the harbor.

I entered the cave and saluted, holding my bag of loot out to him.

called. My grandfather always shook like that, and my brother said it was because he was old. Andrew's face didn't have deep wrinkles, and he didn't speak in a whisper; but he was trembling just like my grandfather did when he was alive.

There was some chicken in a dish in the old wooden ice box, and I got the spare blanket from my bed because he said he was going to keep playing all night even if I wanted to go home. As soon as my mother paused for a moment to look out to sea, I dashed



"I can't eat that!" he said.

"Provisions from the British ships, sir."

"Listen, matey," he whispered, pulling me close enough to him for me to notice that he was trembling. "See that villager's hut yonder? Get me some fresh food from there. And don't let the lady that runs the house catch you, because if she doesn't shoot you, I will." He picked up a stick and waved it at me. I ran out of the cave, all the way down to where my mother was pinning up clothes in the back yard; but when I passed through, I was thinking too hard about the way Andrew talked and how he was shaking, to stop when she

past her and ran all the way up to the cave.

Andrew was sitting far at the back of the cave, and when I came in he had his arm back ready to throw a stone at me.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "I thought it might be the British." And he threw the stone out the mouth of the cave. I gave him the supplies and we sealed a pact to play again first thing in the morning. My mother was calling me.

The next morning I went to the cave out of curiosity. I was sure that he would have gone home to his aunt, but he was still there, asleep, when I arrived.

I woke him up and told him that I didn't want to play pirate anymore.

"You're just a little baby," he said. "My father says . . ." Then he stopped. I was going to tell him that I was actually ten years old, but he started yelling. By this time I knew he was running away, so I ran back and got him a few rolls.

"If your father's so great, why are you running away?" I accused while he ate.

He answered me with his mouth full of food, spitting it out as he talked. "I don't have a father. I was lying!"

"I'll bet you're running away. I'm going to tell my mother, if you don't get out of my cave."

"If you do, I'll kill myself."

"Come on," I said. "People don't kill themselves. My brother told me that people are murdered and then the killers make it look like they killed themselves. But there's nobody in the world brave enough to kill himself." I

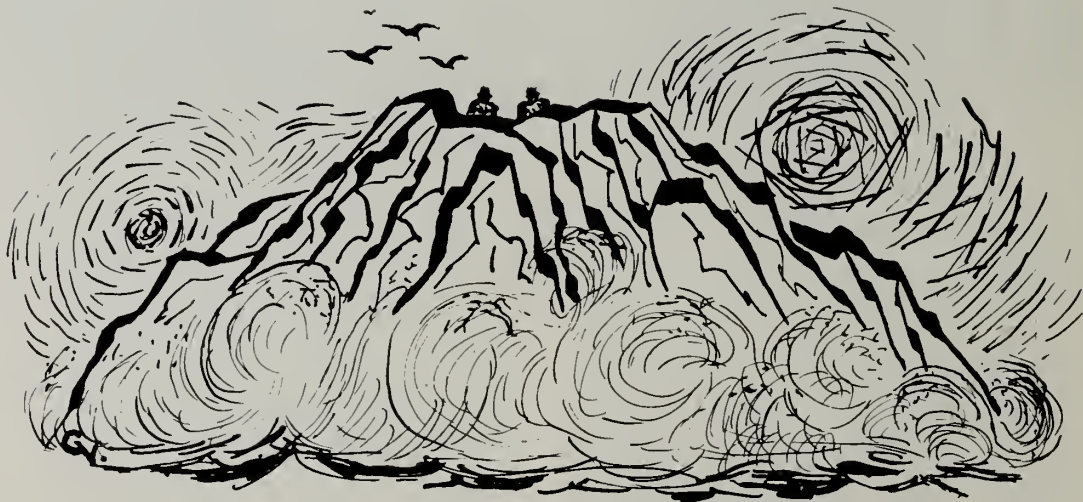
was thinking about the way I thought of death when I stuck on the ledge.

"Your brother's crazy! My father killed himself!" He backed toward the end of the cave until I couldn't see him in the darkness, but I could hear him crying. "If you tell your mother, I'll kill myself!"

I ran, and as I looked behind me I could see him scramble out toward the top of the cliff.

When I got to the house, my mother was out shopping and my brother wouldn't come until he had finished his breakfast. He didn't believe that the kid would do it, but he wanted to come and see it anyway.

Andrew wasn't in the cave when we got there. I ran over to where the rocks dropped away to the ocean, afraid, for the first time in my life, to look down. My brother looked for me but didn't see anything. Then I opened my eyes to the empty, swirling green eddies below.





## EUGENE O'NEILL

**E**UGENE O'NEILL'S most difficult, perhaps most enigmatic drama, **The Great God Brown**, which received its first professional performance in Boston as the opening production of the Charles Playhouse 1961-62 season, is a fascinating play, deeply rooted in symbolism, abounding in unconventionalities, profoundly tragic.

O'Neill, perhaps next to Shakespeare the most widely read playwright in the world, and certainly the greatest of the century, revolutionized playwriting, and gave a thoroughly new life to the stage.

O'Neill began with a collection of sea plays, published under the general title **S. S. Glencairn**, four short pieces, vivid though overwritten sketches about the lives of sailors on a gloomy Atlantic steamer.

**Glencairn** gave him moderate success, but the Provincetown Players' production of **The Emperor Jones** brought him international fame. Some took **The Emperor Jones** to be a social drama, a symbolic study of the Negro problem; but O'Neill had no such intention, and **Jones** is no more a study of the American Negro than Hamlet is the study of a Danish prince. **Jones** is the study of an individual, not a symbol; and the play is one of the greatest tragedies in the American theatre, that of Brutus Jones, an escaped slave, who, after taking over a small West Indies island is hunted down by angry natives. The play is set into eight

scenes, of which six are not really "drama" in the traditional sense at all, but short broken monologues showing the gradual submission of an escaped slave to the effects of fear and fatigue, as he goes deeper into the jungle; primary elements — haunting visions that arise in the blackness of the tropical night, terrifying delusions of chain gangs, slave markets, witch doctors, and animal gods.

Yank, the protagonist of O'Neill's next masterpiece, **The Hairy Ape**, is a deliberately contrived philosophical symbol. This play, written under the influence of the European expressionistic movement, is set against the throbbing, pounding engines of a ship's fore-castle, and portrays a group of sailors as, in O'Neill's own words, Neanderthal men. Yank, the rough, rather moronic ship's stoker, the "hairy ape," is a symbol of all mankind, lost in a puzzling universe, suspended midway between man and animal. Yank is dejected and persecuted by human society, but he is unable to abandon it; after a sequence of powerfully symbolic incidents, he is quietly murdered in a zoo by a gorilla.

Those who thought that O'Neill was a social dramatist were more than ever convinced with his next success, **All God's Chillun' Got Wings**. Like **Jones**, it could be interpreted as a social-protest work, another drama of the Negro's struggle for recognition and equality, for it dealt openly with the theme of racial intermarriage. But once again O'Neill was using a social conflict only as a background. As always, his main study was humanity in the largest, deepest sense.

Following **Wings**, O'Neill had his first encounter with censors in **Desire Under the Elms**, a deeply tragic story of a

modern Oedipus, killing his father to marry his mother, a story of incest and bitterness, set in the backwoods of New England at the end of the last century. Despite the violence of its theme, it is a rather quiet tragedy, devoid of the nightmarish images and drum-poundings of **The Emperor Jones**, the grotesqueness of **The Hairy Ape**, or the racial frictions of **Wings**.

Then came two disappointments, both making use of a new theme that was to be of great importance in **The Great God Brown** and other later plays, that of business and success. Again the social elements of the theme are cast aside, for O'Neill was not interested in success the way so many young writers are today, writing of Madison Avenue and the neurotic organization men. O'Neill was fascinated by success only as a great force and passion. Just as Shakespeare's characters in the tragedies are driven on to ruin and death by hungers of vengeance, greed, and power, O'Neill's people become victims of success, a desire for "the buck" so overwhelming that it leads to tragedy. Later on in his work, success was to take on an even greater meaning. In **Dynamo**, an electrical engineer is so driven by ambition that he gives up his religious faith in order to pray to those forces which can give him success; and in the end, he is so completely mastered by his obsession that he sacrifices himself upon the altar of a giant generator.

But O'Neill did try other dramatic forms. **The Fountain and Marco's Millions** are both romances, a most unlikely kind of writing for O'Neill. And it is because the emphasis is on the exotic and romantic that both are failures. O'Neill was not at home with verse, and though some passages sound impressive when chanted on stage by a mass chorus, they are actually second-rate. Then, too, there are too many characters, and the power of O'Neill's theme is overshadowed by giant casts, exotic costumes and scenery, and the overall atmosphere of pageantry.

With **The Great God Brown** O'Neill again returned to the modern world and to tragedy. But unlike its predecessors, **Brown** needs considerable analysis. While the earlier works were fairly simple in meaning and purpose, **Brown** is enigmatic; the emphasis seems

to be forever changing, sometimes bearing on symbolism, sometimes on character, sometimes on reality, and still other times on fantasy and surrealism. But while the experimentations in **The Emperor Jones** and **The Hairy Ape** are primarily intended for mood and dramatic effect, the unconventionalities in **Brown** are an integral part of the plot, not accessories or gimmicks. The device is highly imaginative: the characters wear masks that symbolize their outer social demeanor, as distinct from the true selves concealed beneath.

**The Great God Brown** is the story of two friends: Billy Brown, a shallow, uninspired architect, and Dion Anthony, a lonely, brooding mystic, who wears a Pan-like mask to hide and protect his sensitive soul.

Dion drops out of college when his father dies, and marries Margaret, whom Billy also loves. But Margaret doesn't love the "real" Dion, for she has never seen him. She knows and loves only his mask, and it is that which she marries, not the poetic, mystical Dion himself.

As Billy achieves worldly success, Dion, spiritually more honest but frustrated over failure, falls into dissipation; and as his soul becomes more beautiful, his mask decays and becomes distorted, losing its fun-loving, Bacchanalian expression, and taking on a cruel, demonic sneer.

Billy gives Dion a job, partly for old times sake, and partly for an everpersistent love for Margaret. But Dion grows worse, more brooding and frustrated, sinking deeper into filth and depravity. His hatred for the inferior Brown, his bitterness and disappointment, the effects of dissipation,—all show up on the mask, which grows ravaged and terrifying. After a final impassioned outburst, Dion, physically and spiritually decayed, falls dead at his friend's feet.

Billy, who has always envied the spiritual honesty in Dion, sees his chance to become Dion. Removing the mask from the dead man's face, placing it on his own, he assumes a dual role.

Billy, in Dion's mask, becomes at once Margaret's husband and the father of her children, and, as himself, Margaret's crude and impetuous lover. But then Billy comes more and more

into conflict within himself; for instead of gaining Dion's creative power, he has gained merely the devil of the mask; and thus he suffers an inner conflict as terrible as the one that destroyed Dion. At the end he is shot by police, who accuse him of being Billy Brown's murderer; and, in an indirect way, he is. As he lies dying he is not very different from Dion, for they are both tormented souls, struggling for identity.

The drama is brilliantly conceived, but its chief fault seems to be that O'Neill aims too high. The themes are so complex that it is impossible for an audience to grasp them all; for that reason, despite its intensity, the play is somewhat diffuse and confusing. To present so many ideas within a single work needs a longer form than the

drama, a form in which the themes can be introduced and developed at a slower pace, and with more subtlety, perhaps the novel.

Nevertheless, with the odds so much against him, O'Neill did create a memorable work. Unlike most modern drama, it has enough theatrical action and momentum to be enjoyed on a simpler level of understanding. Most important, the characters are not mere fixtures. With or without masks, they are people, breathing and alive, with the universal quality of living and suffering that Shakespeare's characters have; they are matchless portrayals of human love, frustration and tragedy, qualities that overshadow the drama's faults and make it a near masterpiece.

## The Rector and The River

River River River  
O how can you flow  
without  
the fear  
of  
Some Limbo?

My rills and my gills  
are my gods and my lords,  
and my rush and my gush  
are my pastor's plush;  
and my linn is my hymn  
and my flux is my crux!  
(and of One Thing  
sure I am:  
Nothing Do I Damn.)

—DAVID SHEVACH '62



## EARTH TO EARTH

"YES, YES, YES! Don't get me wrong for goodness' sake. I am heart and soul with you. I agree that man is wickedly defrauding mother earth of her ancient dues by not putting back in the soil as much nourishment as he takes out; and that modern plumbing is, if you like, a running sore in the body politic; and that municipal incinerators are genocidal rather than germicidal . . . and that cremation should be made a capital crime . . . and that dust bowls are created by the greedy plow . . .

"Yes, yes, and yes again, BUT!"

Elsie and Roland Hedge — she a book illustrator and he an architect — had been warned against Dr. Eugene Steinpilz.

"He'll bring you no luck," I told them. "My intuition says so, decisively."

"You, too?" asked Elsie indignantly. "I suppose you think because of his foreign accent and his beard he must be a spy."

"No," I said coldly. "That point hadn't occurred to me. But I won't contradict you."

The very next day Elsie deliberately picked a friendship with the good doctor, who described himself as a Naturphilosoph; and both she and Roland were soon immersed in Steinpilzerie up to their nostrils. It began when he in-

vited them to lunch and gave them cold meat and two rival sets of vegetable dishes — potatoes (baked) and carrots (creamed), grown on compost in his own garden.

Thus Dr. Steinpilz converted the childless and devoted couple to the Steinpilz method of composting.

Dr. Steinpilz had invented a formula for producing extremely fierce bacteria, capable, Roland claimed, of breaking down an old boot or the family Bible or a torn woolen vest into beautiful, black humus, almost as you watched. The formula could not be bought, however, and might be communicated under oath of secrecy only to members of the Eugene Steinpilz Fellowship, which I refused to join. I won't pretend therefore to know the formula myself, but one night I overheard Elsie and Roland arguing across the hedge as to whether the planetary influences were favorable; they also mentioned a ram's horn in which, it seems, a complicated mixture of triturated animal and vegetable products — technically called "The Mother" — was to be cooked up. I gather also that a bull's foot and a goat's pancreas were a part of the works, because Mr. Pook, the butcher, told me afterward that he had been puzzled by Roland's request for these unusual cuts.

The Hedges soon had their first compost heap cooking away in the garden, which was about the size of a tennis court and consisted mostly of lawn. Dr. Steinpilz, who supervised, now began to haunt the cottage like the smell of drains; I had to give up calling on them. Then, after the Fall of France,

Brixham, which was where we were at the time, became a war zone whence everyone but us British and our free French or free Belgium allies were extruded. Consequently, Dr. Steinpilz had to leave; which he did with very bad grace, and was killed in a Liverpool airraid some days later.

I think Elsie must have been in love with the Doctor, and certainly Roland had a hero-worship for him. They treasured a signed collection of all his esoteric books, each named after a semi-precious stone, and used to read them aloud to each other at meals. Then, to show that there was practical philosophy not just a random assemblage of beautiful thoughts about nature in composting, they began growing these heaps in a deeper, more mysterious way than before.

They mixed, once, with the scrapings of an abandoned pigsty, two barrels of sodden poplar leaves and a sack of rotten turnips. Looking over the hedge, I caught a fanatic gleam in Elsie's eye as she turned the hungry bacteria loose on the heap. I could not repress a momentary shudder.

So far not too bad, perhaps. But when the serious bombings started and food became so scarce that housewives were fined for not making over their swill to the national pigs, Elsie and Roland grew worried. Having already abandoned their ordinary sanitary and built an earth closet in the garden, they now tried to convince the neighbors to do the same.

Elsie frequently visited the local ash dump with a packing case mounted on wheels and collected whatever she found there of an organic nature: dead cats, old rags, withered flowers, cabbage stalks and such household waste as even a national wartime pig would have coughed at.

A critical stage in the story came during the Blitz. It will be remembered that train-loads of Londoners who had been evacuated when the war broke out, therefore de-evacuated, and re-evacuated and re-de-evacuated in a most disorganized fashion. Elsie and Roland, as it happened, escaped hav-

ing evacuees billeted on them because they had no spare bedroom; but one evening an old naval pensioner came knocking at their door and demanded lodging for the night.

They gave him a meal and bedded him down on the sofa; but when Elsie came down the next morning to fork over the heaps, she found him dead of heart failure. They told me later rather than trouble the police with this matter, Elsie would read the burial service and Roland would simply lay his body in the new compost heap by the pigsty. Roland asked if I would report this to the authorities. "Of course not," I said. "Why should I?" Roland smiled and walked away satisfied.

The war went on and the Hedges seemed to be plagued with more evacuees. However, their entire attitude toward these people changed drastically. They seemed to welcome them with open arms. "You're not worth a shilling," said Roland, "unless you can help your fellow man."

Here the story becomes a little painful. I will soften it as much as possible. One morning a policeman called on the Hedges with a summons. I happened to see Roland anxiously peep his head out the bedroom window and quickly pull it in again. The policeman rang and knocked and waited, then presently went away. The summons was for a blackout offense, but the Hedges did not know this. Next morning he called again, and, when nobody answered, forced the back door. The Hedges were found in bed together, having taken an overdose of sleeping tablets. A note on the coverlet ran simply: "Please place our bodies on the heap nearest the pigsty and fork the earth lightly over."

George Irks, the new tenant, proposed to grow potatoes and dig for victory. He hired a cart and began throwing the compost into the River Darthe.

The fifteen beautifully cleaned skeletons George unearthed in the process were still waiting to be identified after the war.

# SWEETS FOR GINGER

**G**INGER DIDN'T look like a witch. She had smallish oval features, a peaches-and-cream complexion, deep blue eyes, and fair almost ash-blond hair. Besides, she was only eight years old.

"Why does he tease her so?" sobbed Miss Foster. "That's how it all started in the first place, him always calling her the little witch."

Steve Keever sat listening intently to the sobbing Miss Foster. His obese lawyer's mask was immobile, but he was really quite distressed.

"Please control yourself," coaxed Steve. "Perhaps if we can talk this over sensibly. . . ."

"I don't care," declared Miss Foster, suddenly vehement. "He's cruel and wicked, the way he treats that child; and besides, he's your brother. If you can't talk to him, no one can."

"I know," replied Steve. "Sometimes I think he never recovered from the shock of Mrs. Keever's death. That's why I was so pleased when you came, dear lady. I thought you might help the situation."

"I tried, Mr. Keever. I never lifted a finger to that child. When I first came she was only six. We got along splendidly. I started to teach her to read — and was surprised to find she had already mastered reading. Your brother disclaimed having taught her, but she spent hours curled up on the sofa with a book. 'Just like her,' he used to say. 'Unnatural little witch.' That's the way he kept talking, Mr. Keever. And she's so sweet and pretty."

"Still it was a shock one day when I found her looking through an Encyclo-

pedia Britannica. 'What are you reading, Ginger?' I asked. She showed me. It was an article on witchcraft."

"You see what morbid thoughts your brother has put into her little head?"

"I did my best. I went out and bought her some toys — she had absolutely nothing, you know, not even a doll. And her father wouldn't let her go to public. I was to teach her —"

"Then I bought her the modelling clay. She liked that. She would spend hours making those hideous faces — oh, I can't bear to talk about it."

"Please," said Steve Keever. "You must understand John is not a happy man. The loss of his wife, the decline of his import trade, his drinking — this has all changed his life greatly."

"She's changed, too," snapped Miss Foster. "Ever since her father returned from South America, this year. She won't play with me any more, hardly even looks at me. Besides — she thinks she's a witch."

Steve Keever creaked upright in his chair.

"Oh you needn't look at me like that, Mr. Keever. She told me herself; if her father wants her to be a witch, she'll be a witch. Halloween she wanted me to give her a broomstick. Oh, it would be funny, if it weren't so tragic, running through the yard at twilight, talking to herself, and the way he beats her. That child is losing her mind."

"He beat her the night the power failed and we couldn't find the candles. He said she'd stolen them. Imagine that, accusing an eight year old child of stealing candles!"

"That was the beginning of the end. Then today when he found his hairbrush missing —"

"His hairbrush?"

"Yes. She admitted having stolen it. Said she wanted it for her doll."

"But didn't you say she has no dolls?"

"She made one. At least I think she did. I've never seen it; she won't show us anything anymore, just impossible to handle her."

"That's all, Mr. Keever. I came right to you. I couldn't stand it anymore — the way he beats her — and the way she doesn't cry, just giggles and giggles — sometimes I think she is a witch — that he made her into a witch —"

Steve Keever picked up the phone.



The ringing had broken the relief of silence after Miss Foster's hasty departure.

"Hello — that you, John?"

"Steve! — for God's sake get over here."

"What's the trouble?"

"The pain — it's killing me! I've got to see you, quickly."

"Why don't you call a doctor?"

"The doctor examined me, said there's nothing organically wrong. I couldn't tell him the real cause."

"Real cause?"

"Yes. The pins. The pins that little fiend is sticking into the doll she made of me, with the candle wax, and the hair from my brush. Oh! It hurts to talk. That cursed little witch. Promise me you'll do something — anything — get that doll from her — get that doll —"

Half an hour later, Steve Keever entered his brother's house..

Ginger opened the door.

"Hello, Uncle Steve."

"Hello, Ginger. Your Daddy called me; he said he wasn't feeling well."

"I know. But he's all right now. He's sleeping"

"Sleeping . . . upstairs?"

Before she even had a chance to open her mouth, Steve was bounding up the hall steps, and striding down the second floor hall to John's bedroom.

John lay on the bed. He was asleep, and only asleep.

As Steve returned downstairs, he hastily improvised plans. A six-month vacation for his brother; avoid calling it a 'cure.' An orphanage for Ginger; give her a chance to get away from this morbid old house, and all those books . . .

He paused halfway down the stairs. Peering over the banister through the twilight, he saw Ginger on the sofa. She was talking to something she cradled in her arms, rocking it to and fro.

Then there was a doll, after all.

"Hello," he said.

She jumped, both arms covering whatever it was she had been fondling. She squeezed it tightly.

Steve thought of his brother being squeezed across the chest.

"What's that you have Ginger?" he asked. "Is it a doll?" Slowly he extended a pudgy hand.

She pulled back.

"You can't see it," she said.

"But I want to. Miss Foster said you made such lovely ones."

"Miss Foster is stupid. So are you. Go away."

But even as she spoke, Steve saw momentarily the wisps of hair over a white face. Dusk dimmed the features, but Steve recognized the eyes, nose, and chin.

"Give me that doll, Ginger!" he snapped. "I know what it is. I know who it is —"

"Oh Uncle Steve," she giggled. "You're so silly! Why this isn't a real doll."

"What is it then?" he muttered.

"Why it's only candy!" Ginger said.

"Candy?"

Ginger nodded. Then very swiftly she slipped the tiny head of the image into her mouth.

And bit it off.

There was a single piercing scream from upstairs.

## Brown's Financial Blues

Dear Mr. Brown we're forced to say,  
Unless you raise the cash and pay  
Your last installment overdue  
That we will have to visit you,  
And dispossess you of your car,  
Your Frigidaire, your built-in bar,  
Your Hotpoint range, your house, your wife  
And five to ten years of your life.

— RONALD TACELLI '65



## THE OCTOPUS

I

IT WAS LATE autumn in Neustadt. The cold spread with the low-rolling fog and sneaked through gloves, into mufflers, under toes. A smell of sea weed, rotting crabs and jellyfish rose before the wet wind; but the cold came stronger and devoured it.

There was always a tired, hunching line on the pier—grey, like the sky, only hungrier—mostly DP's. Their precious luxuries they held fast in the pockets of formless coats. Cigarettes, nylons, chocolate would buy the few fish the Nazis left the village fishermen; they would enable us to vary our coarse-flour bread, turnip syrup, thin soup. Many in Neustadt didn't have cigarettes; and then, too, sometimes the catch was bad.

I was different. We needed extra food because Uncle Alex was staying for the night. I didn't have that same withered, amoebic look. But then, I couldn't see myself.

Fritz's boat was small, with a red cabin and a green waterline. He was a stout, bearded man in a faded blue coat.

"Wieviele sind sie in der Familie?" The woman took a nervous step forward, shrugged, and raised five fingers, the other hand cramped around two packages of tobacco.

". . . zvei, drei, vier, fünf." He counted out the herring. She smiled and gave up the treasure. Fritz caught the rare expression and threw in a handful of smelts. Some say she had been an actress in Yugoslavia. She hugged her basket as if it held a child and ran back down the drab green pier. Hunger ate the smile.

\* \* \*

The octopus spread its constricting tentacles and sucked in everything that didn't feed its tremendous appetite.

\* \* \*

I was safe. Mama had said that Uncle Alex was rich and had trunks full of conserved pork and chicken, and strawberry marmalade. He was getting out of Neustadt — to America, but not by the fishing boats; there was a big gun by the light house. No, Uncle Alex had enough money to buy a visa. To celebrate I would get some nice fish and mamma would fry them in the lard she had saved. Uncle Alex would have a good supper too, and maybe he would leave us some of his conserves. He wouldn't need them in America anyway. There butter melts down from the sky, like rain, and all the babies are fat; and everyone smiles and rides

around in automobiles.

My turn. "Acht," I said; I didn't have to show my fingers like the others.

"Ah, eine schöne grosse Familie." We all looked together into the empty box. There were only a few small ones left. I wanted to cry. Uncle Alex wouldn't have any fried fish after all, and wouldn't leave us any marmalade. My hands were getting cold and I was afraid.

"Ein moment," muttered Fritz. He disappeared below and returned with a big, formless, slimy thing that looked like a bass. At least ten kilos.

"Dreizich kilo," he beamed, "for die grosse Familie."

Everything was all right now. Uncle Alex would have a feast. I claimed my prize with four packages of cigarettes. I didn't want to look at the people who turned back. They looked like the fish. Not really stupid — just numb. It was hard and cold holding the fish in the oilcloth. My feet hurt and the villagers made me feel uncomfortable. I was afraid again, but I thought of rich Uncle Alex, strawberries on white bread, fat sizzling in the pan; and I had the biggest fish of all. No, I wasn't at all like the others. I didn't feel the cold any more and I ran home.

\* \* \*

The octopus settled down to rest; it had eaten well.

\* \* \*







## II

We were fortunate. The parson had taken us to live in his house with four other families. He had given us two rooms in the attic, so we didn't have to stay in the barracks where they lived four families in a room. The parson's wife, Frau Mueller, was beating the carpets from the second-story window. She looked funny with the stick, like an elephant swinging a thin trunk. She was the only fat woman in the village. Parson Mueller wasn't as big as she. Mamma said that the parson hogged his food so fast that he would soon grow another chin. I always laughed at that. Sometimes I tried to pull my jaw into a double chin, and that made mamma laugh.

I ran through the cloud of settling dust and started up the stairs. The fish was awfully heavy, but it was the biggest and I had it. The Reiter baby was crying, and Frau Larkovich was shouting at her husband. I could smell the cabbage boiling on the second floor. I dashed around the railing and burst into our place.

"Mamma, mamma, I got the biggest fish, Fritz gave me the last one, and Uncle Alex will be so surprised, and he'll eat till he bursts, and we'll get all that pork and marmalade!" The warm kitchen made my nose run. I threw my coat on the chair and went to warm my hands on our one burner. Mamma looked cross. She always seemed that

way. I remember when she looked so pretty in her silk dresses, and papa would bring her flowers and me a stick of halva. Now she was pale and hard.

Uncle Ted was sleeping by the stove. He was the uncle everyone has. Mamma said he drank too much. His stomach always grumbled, like the fermenting beer kegs in the cellar.

"Ah du liebe Gott!" shouted mamma. "What can we do with a monster like that? It's too big to fry or do anything with. Only a dumkopf . . ."

"But that's all there was. Fritz gave me the last one; and it's the biggest."

"Bah, he just cheated you out of the cigarettes."

"But Uncle Alex . . ."

"Damn Uncle Alex. Now take your bread and go in with papa and Aunt Clara. I'll have to make soup of it."

Mamma wasn't really angry; she was just tired. I sat down by the window and ate my lunch. The turnip syrup dripped on my fingers, but I didn't bother to lick it off.

Papa was sleeping because he was sick with his stomach. He had eaten some bad pork. Aunt Clara, Uncle Alex's sister, was mending her woolen sox in the corner. I didn't like her. She always wanted to eat the best, always got the middle slice of bread. Mamma said that was because she was ill. But I didn't believe it. She was pretending,

just as I had been "sick" the year before to get the orange that Frau Mueller had given us. Uncle Alex was taking her with him. I was glad of that. Aunt Clara looked like the fish too.

Uncle Alex wouldn't have the fried fish, but soup was just as good. Yes, that would do fine. My thoughts began to dissolve, and creep into strange corners. — There was a dog looking for bones. I knew they were all clean so I broke half of my bread and threw it down. The dog took it and ran away to hide and eat. — A few people were coming back from where the flour was given out. They looked tired in the way they walked. It was not right for Uncle Alex to have so much for himself. — Hans was running down the street. He had probably stolen something, perhaps a plum or apple. Sometimes he shared with me. But I didn't feel like his friend now that Uncle Alex was coming. — If I'd been rich I would have helped the woman on the pier that morning. I wonder if she really was an actress. She looked twice as old as mamma. — Why did we have to get a fish specially for Uncle Alex? If he was going to, he'd have given us some conserves anyway. But the marmalade didn't seem so good any more. — I wanted to go out and play with Hans, but it was starting to rain anyway. Everyone was running home. Uncle Alex would leave all this soon. He was probably hard and unpleasant like Aunt Clara. — My bread was finished and my thoughts neatly packed up. I wished Uncle Alex wasn't coming.

\* \* \*

The octopus was sleeping soundly now.

### III

Uncle Alex looked like Aunt Clara, but he was shorter and had a small, square mustache. Right off I didn't like him. He had a thin, squeaky voice and talked down to everyone. Mamma took his wet coat. He kissed her on both cheeks, but I could see he did not want to. She was nice to him and I knew why. The room smelled of fish. He didn't notice me. Aunt Clara made up the divan so that he could rest. Mamma and I went back to fix supper. Alex and Clara talked.

"Ah du schweinerei!" Uncle Ted started, saw it wasn't aimed at him, and went back to sleep. Mamma looked cross again. "Nothing but jelly, your big blimp boiled down to nothing but jelly. Thanks to you we may eat hard bread forever. Go back into the other room." Mamma had never said anything like that before. She looked more than cross, like the woman this morning. I was sorry such a nice fish was wasted, but I was glad Uncle Alex wouldn't get any.

Aunt Clara and Uncle Alex were talking. They didn't hear me come in.

"They probably expect you to give them something. Well, if I were you I'd save every bit. One never knows how things may turn out. We can sell some of the conserves for money if we need it."

"I suppose you're right. They look like they get along well enough, probably hoarded the stuff."

They didn't see me go out. I thought of Hans and hated them both. I was ashamed to feel safe. Something inside me burst and I ran outside on the roof balcony. The big fish was nothing, nothing at all. It wasn't raining very hard anymore. I sat on the railing and cried. My eyes and cheeks were hot, but the wind felt cool and clean. I was ashamed of what mamma had said, of how she petted him. It wasn't right to feel like that about mamma. She was doing things for us. But I couldn't help it.

"Come on, supper is ready."

I couldn't go back in there. I thought of how mamma would be nice to Uncle Alex, how I'd have to say thank-you when he'd give me a bar of chocolate and pat me on the head. It was dark and quiet and clear, not even cold. I just sat still and cried, cried for everybody. I had stored up a flood; I wasn't like them . . .

\* \* \*

The big fish came quietly and ate the octopus.

# ONE TRACK MIND

"**K**NOW WHERE I could find Coach Lewman?" I asked one of the runners jogging around the track.

"Sure," said the sweatsuit-clad figure pointing to a speck at the farthest corner of the stadium, "the guy way over there with the red cap on."

I plodded across the field surrounded by the black cinder oval of track. In autumn this wild meadow dons white chalk and cheerleaders, but now it was spring and a warm breeze swept the high grass.

How would the coach take it? I knew he wouldn't be overjoyed, but I didn't have any pangs of conscience or regrets. But then I also had nothing to lose. Harry had a lot at stake.

The coach was a small white-haired man who was now scanning the stadium, not so much scrutinizing his runners as imbibing the freshness of a beautiful day. "Hullo," I said to catch his attention. "I'm Jeffrey Wood."

"Glad to meet you, Jeff," he said, as though all his attention hadn't been caught yet. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, it's more a matter of what I've done for you," I said, glancing at my watch. More than a half-hour before the meet was scheduled to start—plenty of time to explain. "You see,

I'm a psychology major, and I've been doing a little research lately on the subconscious mind, and . . ." break it to him gently, give him a little lecture, "I'm sure you must know from a layman's view of psychological factors that the difference between a losing performance and a winning performance is sometimes just a state of mind. For instance, a few years ago everyone thought that a four-minute mile was impossible, so naturally no one ran a mile in under four minutes. Then someone refused to believe them and did it, and a whole rash of four-minute milers appeared."

"That's quite an oversimplification, but interesting," the coach said, smiling.

"Also," I continued, "you know that an athlete can be pushed much farther than he thinks he can go. The symptoms of weariness are just warning signals which are often premature. A runner could turn in a considerably better performance if he disregarded these symptoms."

Coach Lewman was now looking at a sprinter from Stanton U., the opposing college, as warmups began on the field. "Now . . . about hypnotism," I said. "I've been interested for a long time in its potentialities for athletics. You see, hypnotism leaves the subconscious mind extremely susceptible to suggestion. Last night I was telling Harold Sherred—he's my roommate—"

"Also my best miler," injected the coach.

"That's the point . . . I was telling him about hypnosis, and . . . well, since Harry's a very susceptible subject . . ."

"You hypnotized him the night before



a meet, just for kicks," pronounced the coach more seriously.

"Well, Sir, not exactly for kicks. It was actually a serious application of a technique that's used to cure all sorts of phobias and manias. You can read it in the medical journals, Sir. Used as an anesthesia . . . by doctors—"

"Yes, by doctors—competent, experienced graduate doctors," said the coach. "I've read a little about hypnosis, too; and I know that any moron can induce a hypnotic trance on a willing subject, but only a qualified specialist can do any good with it."

"Well, I think I've done some good with hypnosis," I replied, "so what does that make me? I mean, last night I carried Harry all the way into the somnambulistic stage and planted a post-hypnotic suggestion. Now, I know enough about running to know that most miles are won or lost in the last 300 yards. In many cases, it's a matter of who can bear the pain of fatigue the best or push himself the farthest. Even though the conscious mind of the runner signals the muscles through the motor nerves to go faster, the subconscious mind through the autonomic nerves slows down the muscles, and weakens the will to push on . . . if you follow me. Now this conflict is more one-sided in Harry's case. He's got the speed and the endurance, but he hasn't got the will, the drive, the guts, or whatever you want to call it. He's a good runner; but he could be better with an improved mental attitude. The post hypnotic suggestion I planted last night is perfectly safe and harmless. I merely inculcated, so to speak, a kind of signal to which his subconscious mind will react. Right now I'm going over and stand near the track about 150 yards from the finish line and signal him at the right time. When he hears the words 'Pour it on, Harry,' a key is going to turn in his mind, and you'll see him forget all his fatigue and go into a sprint. This signal will make him feel an urgent desire to reach the finish line and win the race . . . if you're following my line of thought."

"Well," said the coach with an air of finality, "I suppose it's too late to do anything about it now. Is that Harry over there?"

I squinted to see a runner jogging toward us from the other side of the track. As he approached, I made out Harry's sharp features in the sunlight.

"Nice day for a meet," Harry said, with a nervous smile.

"Isn't it," said the coach. "Your roommate was just telling me about your little experiment."

Harry grinned a little and threw me a doubtful look. He was neither apologetic nor vindictive. "Well . . . thought it was worth a try."

After good wishes, we separated and I went into the stands. If I hadn't been so concerned with the outcome of the mile, I might have been interested or even excited about the dashes, hurdles, and middle-distance runs which followed. When the loudspeaker announced the mile as the next event, I slipped down trackside. In a college track meet, with all its officials, coaches, and managers, anyone who looks like he knows what he's doing has access to the track.

The milers were lined up at the start. Harry was stuck with the second lane from the outside. After an interval of peeling sweatsuits and kneading muscles, a large hatchet-faced man belled, "All ready now!" A few of the runners glanced over at the starter.

"All down," said the large man. They climbed into the starting blocks. "All set." They leaned forward, readying every muscle.

The stadium echoed with the sound of the starting gun.

The next day, when I went to visit Harry, I met Coach Lewman in the hospital waiting room. "Well, young man," he said, putting aside a magazine, "we ran into a little bad luck yesterday."

Brilliant conclusion. "Yuh," I muttered.

"Too bad, of course," he said. "But then . . . if every experiment were a success, there'd be no sense in them. I'll tell you what. You come back after you graduate, and we'll try it again."

Just then a nurse told us we could see Harry. As we walked through the corridor, I began to hate myself a little less for that unknowing, anonymous fan who had yelled "Pour it on, Harry" right after the gun.

## SPECIALIZATION

HE DIDN'T see the ambulance until it stopped on his throat. "Gee, Mac, I'm sorry! Wait a second and I'll back off your platysma," came the shaken but knowledgeable voice of the driver (all personnel at Virulence General Hospital were required to learn the technical terms). In the hurried consultation that followed, it was decided to take him to the hospital, despite the protests of the driver ("He'd last longer in the street than he would at V.G.H.").

The admitting nurse was rather indifferent at first, but after she had gone through the contents of his crushed wallet, she beamed. "Why, dearie," she said, "you have enough for a private room in the Necrosis Building. I even think that Dr. Palsy will be able to see you. He's very busy, you know."

Dr. Palsy came at once. As he said, "I'm bound by the Oath of Hypocrisy — er, Hippocrates." Rubbing his gluteus maximus and humming the theme from **Medic**, he walked into the ward.

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"He was hit by one of our ambulances."

"I'll bet it was Farley who got him."

"Yeah."

The amenities over, he began to examine the patient. His skilled, wavering hands swept over the injured man, feeling and probing every wound. "Nurse!" he exploded. "It's pretty obvious that this man's infraspinus has been pushed through his rhomboideus major. Why did you call me, damn it? You know I handle only left-lateral dysphagia. Get Sam Lombardi."

As the doctor trembled off down the septic corridor, the crestfallen nurse headed toward the P.A. mike.

"Dr. Lombaa-dee, Dr. Sam Lombaa-dee to Ward B, puh-lee-uz!"

Dr. Lombardi was paged while in the middle of a heart transplant. Dropping his scalpel into the patient's aorta, he wiped his rubber gloves on his scrub suit and rushed to Ward B.

"Hmm," he said. "It's true that this man's rhomboideus major has been impacted by his infraspinus; but, more importantly, he has middle-lobe atelectasis due to endobronchial diplegia with phnazzis and renal impairment. I can't handle that. Why don't you try Dr. Boyle. I saw him a while ago, heating some chicken soup in the autoclave."

Lance Boyle, chief resident in proctology, reeled in and steadied himself against the wall. "Shpilled some ether over myself," he explained. His keen eyes scanned the patient, noticing every minute detail, such as the tire tracks on his thorax. He measured them and hiccupped his diagnosis, "6.70 x 15 Firestone whitewalls. This is a job for Ken Basey, talented, unethical neurosurgeon." Giving the patient a reassuring pat on his flattened neck, he staggered from the ward.

Footsteps sounded in the hall, the swinging doors flew open, and in walked Ken Basey, fastest knife at Virulence General. He was tough, he was cynical, and, he was unlicensed.

"Hello, Quick-draw. Does this patient meet your specifications?" asked the nurse.

"He does indeed. He's got myoglob-inuria. I can handle him."

"That's wonderful!" cried the nurse to the comatose patient.

"Isn't it?" she asked when he didn't answer.

Basey whipped out his stethoscope and listened. The patient was dead.

"How terrible!" said the nurse. "I guess we'd better send him down to Dr. Van Pyre in Pathology."

The horrified Basey gagged, "Why, that's blasphemy. You know that Van Pyre dissects only bus victims. . . ."

# REVIEWS

## TELEVISION

**A**N UNIMAGINABLE request of the "public" brought back last year's production of **Macbeth**. Director George Schaefer, with the kind assistance of Maurice Evans as Macbeth, and Judith Anderson as Lady Macbeth, dragged, fogged, warped, over-produced, under-nourished, and otherwise mutilated what is perhaps Shakespeare's fastest moving, most dramatic tragedy. The actors, for all their beards, swords, armor, and costumes, were as unconvincing as refugees from a masquerade; and, worked into Schaefer's C. B. De-Mille-type spectacular, mob-appealing effects, they produced a sluggish, banal something that was certainly less than Shakespeare.

Much in *Macbeth* relies on a metaphysical power that works in strange, mysterious ways to shape Macbeth's destiny. Shakespeare's three witches embody universal darkness; "filthy hags," emissaries of Satan himself. Schaefer's witches are hardly more than disheveled gypsies. Shakespeare's

*Macbeth* is a strong soldier, a general, "thane of Glamis and Cawdor," a perverted patriot who is to murder the king and suffer for his treachery—a giant who falls. Mr. Evans was already down at the start; feeble, effeminately grandiose. For all his horse-hair beard, he seemed so statuary, so declamatory, that he destroyed the murderous image; and the moral conflict in *Macbeth*'s mind fell dreadfully flat.

On the other hand, Miss Anderson seemed to have had an overdose of adrenalin. Lady Macbeth is evil, but not stupid or unrestrained in showing her intentions. Judith Anderson overdramatized the part by the melodramatic rolling of eyes and wringing of hands, like the villains of the soap opera. She had a lack of subtlety and control that does not at all become Lady Macbeth; she gushed away what was left of the play.

When the tragic end rolls around, it is hard to muster any pity for the protagonist. The element of catharsis, the uplifting of the soul that should accompany a Shakespearean tragedy, is destroyed. The whole production deserves to be stuck full of cloves and baked until the schmaltz melts out.

— GUNARS VIKSNINS '62





# the survivor



4.



5.



6.



## SALES RESISTANCE

THE DEW LINE tracking stations in northern Canada picked it up first, coming in low over the northern horizon from the general direction of the U.S.S.R. According to the information that had been given to the station personnel, no friendly aircraft had been scheduled for that area. Trackers checked watches and instruments, and DEW line stations in northern Canada dutifully reported their find to RADAR checkpoints farther south in the United States.

The American tracking stations promptly labeled it an **unidentified flying object**. And because of its probable point of origin, they added the words of caution — **appears unfriendly**.

Interceptor missile and fighter bases near the large population centers were put on alert, but no action was taken for fear that the object might possibly be a lost aircraft from some country to the east. There seemed no need for an international incident. For that reason, the object was merely tracked by radar as it continued its southeasterly course over the Great Lakes, in the general direction of Virginia.

But when the object reached the Potomac River and began to dive on Washington from forty thousand feet, the Air Force decided it had all the provocation it needed, and proceeded to respond, international incident or no international incident. No fewer than forty Nike Hercules missiles blew the object into unidentifiable flying bits before it could drop below ten thousand feet.

The President sent a protest note to Moscow, and American war defenses were readied. Before the Russians had answered the note, however, another missile was sighted, this time coming in from the Pacific.

More Nike missiles destroyed this one before it even got near any heavily populated areas.

The President declared war that night, and before he was half through his speech, Moscow and Stalingrad were no more.

Of course, very shortly after that, Washington and New York were no more either.

While all this was going on, no one noticed the strange new star circling the globe at an altitude of three thousand miles.

The two aliens who comprised the crew of the starship were very busy. One was hunched over a high-powered viewscope, watching the happenings below, and continually shaking his head as he dictated his report into the microphone that he held in what freely translated might have been called his 'hand.'

The other was busy plotting a course for Betelgeuse III.

"Strangest planet," said the first, switching off his recorder. "First they completely destroy the two sales samples we send down to them, and now all kinds of terrific disturbances on the surface."

The second reached for a straight-edge and said, "Really."

"I just can't understand it," said the first.

And the second, carefully drawing a line on his chart, said, "Maybe it's just their way of saying, 'We don't want any!' After all, everyone isn't obliged to buy from the Betelgeuse sales cartel, you know."

"Strangest planet," said the first, for what must have been the thousandth time.

And the second, reaching for a pair of dividers, said, "I've seen worse."

# SOMETHING OF INTEREST

ON SATURDAY, October 17, members of the Boston Latin School Key Club participated in Kiwanis Kid's Day. After assembling at the Hotel Touraine, the Key Clubbers sold bags of peanuts throughout Boston. The sale was a success, and the proceeds went to Camp Allen, a haven for blind little girls. The club has, incidentally, been awarded a certificate of merit for its outstanding achievements.

The recently emerged winners of a hard-fought, colorful campaign for seats as senior class officers have already been assigned their first task by Mr. Hopkinson, that of removing campaign-poster scotch tape from the walls of the third floor. The entire school and especially the senior class congratulate: Class President Phil Chadie; Vice-President Ed Bailey; Secretary Ted Joyce; Treasurer Rico Salini; and Class Committee members Bob Greco (Chairman), Steve Kurkjian, Mike Rinaldi, Dave Roche, and Joe Sullivan.

On October 17 Gunars Viksnins attended the New England Dairy and Food Council's breakfast press conference, presented by the Council for Better Breakfasts. In addition to receiving a breakfast and the opportunity to view Miss Massachusetts, Viksnins had his photograph taken.

Fifteen members of the senior class have received Letters of Merit as semi-finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Program. They are: Edward E. Berger, Francis X. Cole, Jude T. Gartland, Mitchell Reed Greenhill, William Hapgood, Joseph M. Hooban, Edward C. Joyce, Bruce J. Mack, Edward L. Malick, Paul Mattick, David J. MacKeon, John A. Palladino, Nicholas G. Pappas,



John J. Re, and Richard Temkin. Of these fifteen, two, Mitch Greenhill and Paul Mattick, are already attending college. Mattick received the highest Merit score in the city.

For the second year, the New England Scholastic Press Association has given the LIBER ACTORUM the award for highest achievement among class I high school yearbooks.

On Friday and Saturday, October 27 and 28, members of the **Register** and **Liber Actorum** staffs attended a literary convention at the Boston University School of Journalism. **Register** editors Daniel Barnett and Gunars Viksnins and **Liber Actorum** editor David Norman, as well as several members of the staffs of both publications, attended lectures, panels, forums, and on Saturday, a luncheon featuring Edward Kennedy as the guest speaker. Mr.



Kennedy answered a few questions from the floor, but seemed rather general and evasive.

The ever-stimulating and rewarding topic — the causes and implications of Juvenile Delinquency has once again been discussed, this time by James Shoolman, Edward Jay, Alan Lipson, and Kevin Kennedy of the B.L.S. Key Club under the advisorship of Mr. Carmine Vara. Classes III and IV marched to the annual Vandalism Assembly, held on October 31.

Classes I, II, and III were present at the November 10 exercises commemorating Veteran's Day. The program was directed by Lt. Col. Kelley and Chairman Edward Berger. After the reading of the Bible and several band selections under the baton of Mr. Roland Young, Richard Derby delivered the Governor's Proclamation. Readings were then given by James Shoolman, Kevin Kennedy and Alan Lipson.

The **Boston Globe** held the first in a series of high school press conferences on November 13. Staff member Bob Harris attended, along with **Register** co-editors Barnett and Viksnins. The guest speaker, a Miss Baird, associated with **Seventeen** Magazine, gave a short talk to the young ladies in the audience on the opportunities for women in journalism, then answered questions about her trip to Russia and American teen-age fashion fads. Viksnins also attended a press conference given by the Boston **Herald-Traveler** on November 4. The Washington correspondent of the **Herald** gave a lecture on the "New Frontier." When questioned by Viksnins as to the meaning of the term "New Frontier," the lecturer merely acknowledged that this was indeed a difficult question.

The First Public Declamation was held on November 17, before a class VI audience. The orators were: James Shoolman, John Re, Jack Fellman, Kevin Kennedy, Edward Jay, Robert Correnti, Marshall Mittnick, Paul Menitoff, David Litwack, Michael Collins, Mark Atkins, Richard Curtis, Joel Kaplan, John Longmire, John Brown and Norman Shore.

The **Register** would like to congratulate John Palladino and Barry Portnoy

for the magnificent job they did on the Jerry Williams' Show on Wednesday evening, November 22. We would especially like to comment on the frankness and courage with which Palladino expressed his somewhat controversial views. Said Williams: "If this is the kind of product the Latin School is turning out, we do not have to fear for its standards!"

Any glory the English High School might have attained through their victory over the Boston Latin School football team is justly nullified by the juvenile and vandalistic action of the English High students who smeared paint on the Latin School building. The **Register** suggests that cage doors be kept locked between feeding times.

A great many opportunities are available to Latin School boys. In the sciences: 1) Science Talent Search Examination every December — \$34,250 in scholarships; 2) General Electric



Foundation awards for class II — Summer Science study includes tuition, room, board, books, etc.; 3) Future Scientists of America Awards — open to students in grades 7-12. (See the bulletin board outside Room 314 and ask your science instructor). Also available are prizes in various literary competitions sponsored by D'Youville College, the **Boston Globe**, etc. (For particulars see Barnett in Room 301.)



## Mr. John J. Doyle

*Mr. Doyle received his schooling at B.L.S. ('12) and at Boston College ('17), achieving his AM at Boston College ('20) and his EdM at Boston Teachers' College ('27). After World-War service with the armed forces, he taught at Boston Technical High (1920-22), at Hyde Park High (1922-29), and at Boston Latin (1929-44). He returned to Tech to head the mathematics department from 1944-49, then served B.L.S. in the same capacity until 1952. He was headmaster of East Boston High from 1952-54. In 1954 he returned to B.L.S., this time as headmaster.*

**A**T A TIME when reporters and educationists bewail the "decline and fall of Boston Latin School," the headmaster, a firm leader and idealist, stands tall behind his ideals. In a recent interview, Mr. Doyle criticized the self-appointed experts who denounce the school through careless, second-hand reports and insinuations. True, admits the headmaster, the drop-out rate has increased in recent years; but it must be realized that without strict entrance examinations B.L.S. cannot stem the influx of poorly prepared students who lower academic standards.

As for criticisms leveled against the faculty, Mr. Doyle points out that so long as critics fail to recognize the intellectual differences between elementary and secondary teaching, many promising young teachers will prefer to take the easier elementary qualifying examinations and neglect the high schools. A system that gives equal pay to elementary teachers and offers them easier chances for promotion, simply and inevitably discourages young applicants from studying further in order to qualify for the more demanding field of classroom work. Admitting that elementary teaching has its own demands and problems, Mr. Doyle nevertheless insists that high school teachers require the greater academic background and preparation, and should consequently receive the recognition and remuneration that they deserve. Until school officials are ready to admit this truth, it is possible that high schools will continue to depend upon streams of inexperienced and often unqualified substitutes.

Mr. Doyle said further that Massachusetts, the birthplace of public education, now ranks 47th in state aid to schools. State law limits the amount of money that the school committee may spend. Then, too, the mayor exercises a veto power over such allocations of funds as may be necessary to improve education; until this power is repealed our schools will continue to suffer.

A veteran of forty years in the field of education, Mr. Doyle tells of enormous changes that have occurred. College education is far more important today than it used to be, and college entrance requirements are much stricter. At one time a B.L.S. student with reasonable grades could easily get into the college of his choice; but now such factors as geographical distribution and a growing emphasis on extra-curricular activities have operated to scatter B.L.S. graduates throughout a large number of colleges, instead of concentrating them in a few of the very best, as in days past.

Nevertheless, firmly determined to hold the Boston Latin standard high, Mr. Doyle advises his boys to realize that "you are in a special school where your only chance to succeed is hard work."

# EDITORIALS

## RENAISSANCE?

*Mr. Arthur Gartland of the Boston School Committee is a native of Boston; B. L. S. '32; Harvard '36 (economics). He once taught two years at Notre Dame, and works presently as an insurance broker. He was sponsored with William O'Connor to the committee by the same reformist organization. Both have sons in the Latin School.*

**A** NEW BOSTON School Committee may brew a potent elixir. Committeeman Arthur Gartland recognizes the failures of the preceding committee, but looks skeptically to the future.

"My personal opinions do not represent the view of the whole committee . . ."

He singles out the lack of specialized, well qualified teachers as the most flagrant problem.

"To recruit these teachers we must raise morale by — paying higher wages, increasing fringe benefits such as sick-leave (Boston teachers get one four hundredth of their yearly salary for each day's absence) and improving methods and conditions under which teachers must work — thus guaranteeing a more **intense** use of teachers." The use of the lecture system in college prep schools would be an example of **intense** use of teachers.

"Subjects like history or physics could be taught in large classes of fifty or sixty by an experienced teacher who has acquired certain tricks of the trade. The lectures would prepare the students for the college system and reduce the need for unqualified substitutes."

Mr. Gartland cited other problems: lack of extension programs for gifted children; an inadequate system of examinations to determine qualifications, promotion, administrative positions; lack of compensation and recognition for advanced work; and the need for better maintenance and construction.

"There is a crying need in the Boston Latin and other schools for better libraries, laboratories . . . This in turn raises the need for state aid.

"Nothing has been done before about these problems; no steps have yet been taken. But I think that Mr. O'Connor is sympathetic with my beliefs. About the others I cannot say . . . and as for the future I am neither pessimistic nor optimistic . . . more like agnostic."

Nostalgic B.L.S. graduates yearn for old "standards," but that is like trying to bring back prohibition. Obviously a new Latin School is developing, which at present Mr. Gartland thinks is too big.



"... every year about four hundred flunk out. The inference is that a better selection of students is necessary, something to be assured by a better mode of examination... but this relates to the headmaster. The reduction of this surplus population would reduce the need for unqualified teachers."

It may be that the entire committee is aware of these problems, but will definite steps be taken to solve them? "The answer," says Mr. Gartland, "lies in the laps of the gods." Our fear is that the other members of the committee may choose to leave it there.

It is apparent that there is fresh blood in the school committee; but freshness is far from contagious.

## THAT MEALY- MOUTHED WORD

SOME YEARS AGO in an address delivered at this school, a prominent Boston University educator referred to **discipline** as a "mealy-mouthed word." In his context, the idea was that discipline is often used as a substitute for understanding. For the stock image—picture horrid old men chasing small, angelic-faced children about with large canes.

The doctor's reference greatly surprised the teachers in his audience, for they well knew that rather than a surplus of discipline, there has long been a lack of it, not only in schools, but throughout all of modern American society. Consider—since the era of child psychology was ushered in, the number of juvenile crimes and of "problem children" has increased greatly. This sad state stems not only from a lack of respect for authority, but also from a lack of self-discipline as well. Nor is this weakness in character limited to children. The increasing number of neurotics and psychotics is also a sign of it.

Experts (like the good doctor) jargonize endlessly that this trend toward juvenile crime and mental instability is the result of hypertension in a "high-pressure society," or perhaps a vague by-product of something called the "atomic age," whatever that means. However, it is becoming increasingly clear that in countries like Italy where the family patriarch still reigns, there is so much less delinquency and mental instability as to make us look ridiculous by comparison. In the face of an obvious moral decline, one is tempted to conclude that we are fast turning into a nation of psychological weaklings, incapable of making decisions or of running our own lives, a nation fast losing its standing as a world power—not through war, not through surrender to Communism, but through the lack of discipline.

While we worry about the "flabby" American, we must also worry about the "undisciplined" American; for only through strong, controlled character can we keep our place in the world and retain our sanity. This does not mean a return to corporal punishment in the schools. It **does** mean strong parents and teachers—and a belief in moral authority. If a child is taught proper respect for authority in the home, he will grow up to carry that respect into all phases of his life.

The **Register** scans the Newton and the White Stadium incidents and concludes—"mealy-mouthed word our foot!"

# SPORTS

## FOOTBALL



The Latin School varsity football team won its first game against Dorchester, 26-0; and that, unfortunately, was the best thing that happened all season. Trade, and fleet Otis Coleman ran roughshod over the team, 34-18, and over the players, to the tune of one

broken hand, fifteen stitches, one badly twisted knee, and one very badly stunned player (not to mention the B.L.S. Alumni). No doubt this left the rest of the team pretty stunned too, for they dropped the next game to Technical, 24-0. Altogether a "stunning" season.



One highlight, however, was the game against a non-league opponent, Cambridge Latin. In this match Ernie Caporale displayed the style this year's rooters had missed to date. Churning through, he ripped up the Cambridge line and scored twice. George Broks put another one on the scoreboard, giving the game to us, 20-8. The Purple followed this one up with a tight victory over B.C. High, 14-12. Coach Lambert used Dick Stanhewicz as a "lonesome end," and the move paid off handsomely; Dick caught the decisive T.D. on a thirty-eight-yard pitch from Art Carmen.

The prospects of beating South Boston looked good now, if the team could only manage to hold Conference top-scorer Bill St. George; and they did. But that was all; the other two South Boston running backs ran away with the game, 20-6.

The last game before **The Game** was played against B.C. High again. This time the tables turned and it was B.C.H. that squeaked by with a two-point victory. However, the game belonged to Ernie Caporale, who piled up more yardage than the entire opposing team and scored the only Purple touchdown. The conversion on the only Maroon and Gold T.D. made the difference, 8-6.

Any realistic observer could have prophesied the outcome of the big game, if he had simply been willing to put aside a certain amount of sentimental nonsense about traditional rivalries. Very little needs to be said about the effects of a broken hand or of the absence from the line-up of the starting quarterback, Mitch Sikora, or of the confidence of an unusually strong, undefeated, untied English team. It was truly a grey, wet, ominous hour — as English landed on the back of Latin's neck, 39-0.



## DATELINE - 1944

(And it was tough then, too - - -)

"The B.L.S. Football squad has been riddled with injuries: Harwood has a bad leg; Semonian's leg is also bother-

ing him; Rodman has a 'charlie horse'; Shields has a wrenched leg; O'Neill, a fractured collarbone; Field, a broken nose."



# SOCCER

ONCE AGAIN the school's most dynamic minor sport has suffered seriously from lack of support. The almost non-existent attendance at games was the least of the team's worries, for it doesn't take more than a game or so to get used to playing to an empty stadium. However, the lack of an adequate practice field seemed to be the most obvious handicap.

With probably the fastest forward line in the league, the soccer squad has tremendous potential. The Watertown and Roxbury Latin games made it quite clear, though, that the team has suffered greatly from lack of organization. Against this factor was a background of flashing, brilliant individual play by Kruskall, Sullivan, Vintoniv, Gyorky and, from class VI, Stevie Orban, all spirited players, who, despite weak support and a certain amount of disorganization, continually outplayed the opposition defense.

The first scrimmage with Browne and Nichols merely served to illustrate what the team already knew about its weaknesses. Time after time the B. & N. forward-line booters smashed through, only to be stopped at the last minute by wide-awake Bill Jennings at fullback and Tony Palermo in the goal. Not until the second half did the Purple forwards start slipping them past the slow Green goalie. Scores by Kruskall, Vintoniv, Orban, and Sullivan pushed B.L.S. to a 4-3 victory.

A weak Quincy team put up little opposition, yet the Purple once again couldn't get together to stop two opposition rushes, both resulting in scores. The second half was all Latin's as the team pulled out another victory on the scores of Orban, Vintoniv and Kruskall.



The third game, with Watertown, was a discouragement for a team that deserved to win. Outweighed, but not outplayed, the defense sparked for the first time all year. Led by center halfback Captain Pat Malin and halfbacks Dan Barnett and Carmen Fucillo, the Purple turned back the Orange booters' attacks time after time, while the forward line pushed through twice for goals. Latin was ahead in the last quarter, 2-1, when Watertown scored two last-minute goals, both on penalty shots called against Latin spares. High scorer Steve Kruskall put one across; the other Latin goal was scored by Bob Magee, who had been in the game but seconds before he sent a long one through the top corner; but bad luck called this one on B.L.S., 3-2.

The traditional game with Roxbury Latin again demonstrated the need for

adequate practice facilities. For the entire first half the B.L.S. team played as if its members had never seen each other before. The white team dominated the play and repeatedly drove far into Purple territory, scoring three times in the first half.

The second half saw the situation reversed. Patrick Malin, in a last-ditch effort to revamp the Latin offense, moved into the forward line along with Bill Jennings and scored twice. Once again Barnett and Jim Doherty, along with Al Semansky, began to click beautifully as a defensive unit, letting only one more White goal through, in a fluke play, while Jerry Gyorky slid one past Bob Aron, the Rox. Latin goalie, to put B.L.S. only one behind.



The Purple booters now went on the warpath, but the clock ran out before the team could again score.

Seniors Pat Malin, Denny Sullivan, Bill Jennings, Dan Barnett, Carmen Fucillo, and Jim Doherty will leave holes in next year's team; but under Steve Kruskall the forward line will remain strong at least until the end of next season. The team still has five years of services of remarkable Stevie Orban to look forward to, who despite his size has continually amazed the opposition. A tremendous amount of credit for this year's victories and close losses goes to Pat Malin, who has done the combined jobs of the now legendary Davidhazy brothers in managing and coaching as well as leading the team on the field.



## CROSS COUNTRY

Despite the aid of a large number of veterans, the cross country team had a relatively unsuccessful season. Under captain Dave Roche and with seniors Ted and Bill Joyce, Denny Sullivan and Richard Lowery, as well as lower classmen Santosuosso, Ricardi, Powell, Baker and Shepherd, the team struck in the opening meet by beating out

Trade and Dorchester for a first place. In the second, however, they met defeat at the heels of Technical and English, and placed only third in both the Regimentals and the city meet.

"The majority of this year's harriers," explains team spokesman Richie Lowery III, "will be returning to next season's team." That means older, wiser . . . **faster?**

This year's cross-country lettermen: Roche, Santosuosso, Ricardi, E. Joyce, W. Joyce, Lowery, Powell, Siebert, Aiello, Sawdy, Baker, Di Cicco, Shepherd, Valokis, Besbikos, Mackenzie, O'Keefe, Murphy, Lonergan and Onley.



## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

**Sept. 8:** Overheard in smoke-filled public facility: "What are you going to do with your first week-end?"  
"Oh, I don't know, sit on it till Monday."

**Sept. 12:** Received first notice that a sprouting genius secluded in the purple wastelands of our establishment is writing a novel—**From the Halls of Microscopic Montezuma.**

**Sept. 13:** Mr. Hopkinson once again neglected to mention where we apply for a scholarship to get enough money to apply for a scholarship.

**Sept. 14:** Notice: For all those in Class I that are interested, the representative from the M.T.A. will be in the assembly hall, R5 today. Its entrance requirements are not difficult and we believe that some of you boys can get a fine education there.

**Sept. 15:** Overheard in 234:  
"Caesar must have had quite an arm."

"Oh, how so?"

"It says here that one day Caesar pitched his camp across the river."

**Sept. 18:** Ohne Fleiss, kein washee!

**Sept. 19:** Seen in stock room: Master crossing out the Tropic of Cancer from geography books.

**Sept. 20:** Overheard in 207:

"Remember, gentlemen, the Puritans did not believe in excessive eating, drinking, carousing, or uh, uh, convivial libations."

Bartok: (aside) "... and that is why there are no more Puritans."

**Sept. 21:** Foul joke for the day: If an athlete gets athlete's foot, what does an astronaut get? ... Missile toe, natürlich.

**Sept. 22:** Master: "What excuse do you have for being late this time?"

Copland: "Good grief, sir, I was running so fast, I, uh, didn't have time to think one up!"

**Sept. 25:** Pupils in Chicago schools raise both hands when a teacher suddenly asks a question.

**Sept. 26:** "Hey, ol' bean, what's good for biting fingernails?"  
"Sharp teeth, I guess."

**Sept. 27:** Soul Yet Unborn: "How's the life to come?"

Soul of the Departed: "The straight and narrow path is rather difficult, but the detour is great!"

**Sept. 28:** Man muss das Eisen schmieden, so lange es sieht an.

**Sept. 29:** Overheard in poetry class:

"But, sir, please have mercy!"

"You buttered your bread, now go lie in it!"

**Oct. 2:** A student should realize that just because he has big feet doesn't mean he's in good standing.

**Oct. 3:** This space for rent. Mr. J. O'Leary please take note.

**Oct. 4:** Friendly master: "You have a creodescent personality, my boy."

I: "Why, uh, thank you sir."

F.m.: "Yes, shines like creosote."

**Oct. 7:** Aboard harbor tour-boat, overlooking the Atlantic:

Me: "Boy, look at all that water out there!"

Nadia: "Yeah, and just think, that's only the top of it."

**Oct. 9:** "Wow, he sure dropped that like a ten foot pole."

"Yeah, I wouldn't touch it with a hot potato."



- Oct. 12:** People who count their chickens before they hatch are actually counting eggs.
- Oct. 13:** Overheard in 117:  
Master: "How would you translate 'Instruxit triem aciem?'"  
Mahler: "He drew three aces?"
- Oct. 16:** Overheard in Rod and Gun Club meeting:  
"So what happens if you shoot a duck that's flying upside down?"  
"It falls up?"
- Oct. 19:** Ye R.R.R., in guiding someone somewhere, was asked:  
"And who is that, over there?"  
"Oh, he's a Brownie."  
"And that one, next to him?"  
"He's a Balogna Spuckie."
- Oct. 20:** One of the few exercises the Phys. Ed. Dept. does not approve of, evidently, is skipping.
- Oct. 23:** Today ye R.R.R. met a street cleaner who was canned for not keeping his mind in the gutter.
- Oct. 25:** Flacko: "And do you know those orangeade stands they have in the city?"  
Zounds: "Yuh."  
Flacko: "Well, do y' know what they call the people that buy orangeade at them?"  
Zounds: "I could not fathom."  
Flacko: "Customers, fool."  
Zounds: "Odds-balls and fire!"
- Oct. 27:** Overheard in 233: "Are you copying Berlioz' answers?"  
Rimsky: "No sir, just seeing if he had mine right."
- Oct. 30:** How many days does October have. Let me see . . .  
Thirty days hath September . . .
- Nov. 1:** A meeting of the Chess Club will be held tomorrow. All chessmen must attend.
- Nov. 5:** Ye R.R.R. learned something from a Military Science movie today! The film takes 2.984 seconds to revolve once.
- Nov. 6:** The Radio Club heard a lecture on Ohm's Law today, and the Debating Club has started practicing for a debate advocating its repeal.
- Nov. 7:** English High School lad, looking at Alma Mater:  
"Helen of Troy?"  
Second English laddie, "I don't think so. It looks sort of like plaster of Paris."
- Nov. 11:** Today ye R.R.R. purchased some fall garb and some winter garb. Now he has the best garbage in town.
- Nov. 13:** "What are you taking at college?"  
"Everything that's not nailed down."
- Nov. 14:** Femme #1: "A man with a past. That's what I like . . . so interesting."  
Femme #2: "Ah, a man with a future! . . . even more interesting."  
Femme #3: "A man with a present . . . the more expensive, the more interesting."
- Nov. 19:** Stravinsky: "How did you get so stupid?"  
Beethoven: "They gave me such a great deal that I couldn't turn it down."
- Nov. 20:** One of our masters had a reunion recently. After the dinner he became drowsy. In an effort to arouse him, an old friend said: "Please pass the nuts."  
The master, waking, quickly replied: "No, they haven't been doing their work. I'll have to fail them."
- Nov. 21:** Ye R.R.R. extends this advice to our **shmeared** football team—If you have butter on your head, don't dance in the sun.
- Nov. 22:** Morgenstunde hat Wurme im Munde!
- Nov. 27:** We could have won the election if we had not underestimated the Demoblicans. Republicrats uber alles.
- Nov. 28:** Ye R.R.R. wishes to remind his fellow humans that a bird in the hand is better than a pigeon.

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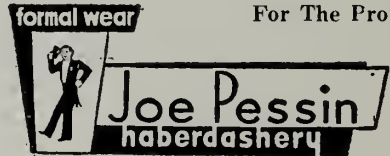
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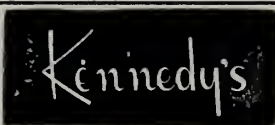
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